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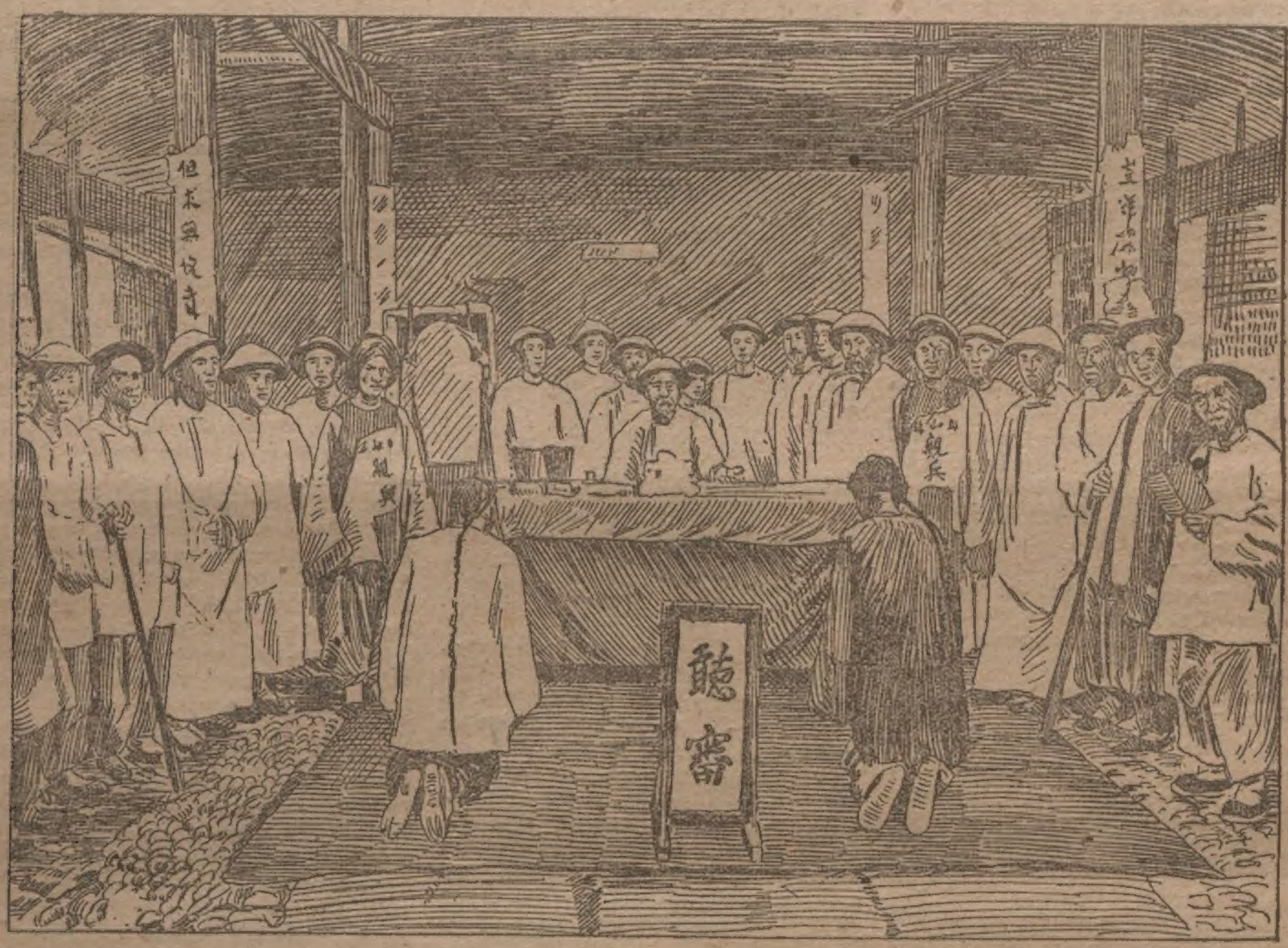
A Chinese Court of Justice.

In their legal affairs, as in other matters, the Chinese are peculiar. Under the patriarchal ideas which lie at the basis of the Chinese system of government, much larger powers are given to the judge of the court than is common with us. His power is, in fact, almost despotic, and limited only by the customary practices of Chinese courts. He can show great mercy or he can exercise great severity; he can dispense justice or he can take bribes from the most wealthy party, and give the most unjust decisions without being called in question, unless his conduct should be too flagrant or his contributions to the support of the higher authorities too limited. The cut which we give of a Chinese court of justice is representative. The judge is the only one who is seated. Behind him and on either side, stand the officers of the court. The two kneeling figures are the criminal and the accuser: both alike show the greatest humility in the presence of the judge, and in cases where specially favorable consideration is desired, they prostrate themselves upon the floor. Witnesses give their testimony in the same position.

The proceedings of a Chinese court are usually in the form of personal interrogatories by the judge. In framing these the Chinese show great ingenuity. In important cases it is customary to have a long string of questions all written out. These are asked the culprit, and his answers are all taken down by the secretaries. He is then remanded to prison for a month or more, and another set of interrogatories is framed, ingeniously bearing upon the questions and answers at the previous session of the court. Again the questions are asked; again the prisoner is remanded to jail, and sometimes a third series of questions is framed and asked. It is only the most adroit minds and most retentive memories which can pass a series of three sets of questions, purposely framed to interlace and interlock with each other, with clearness and success. This method is undoubtedly ingeniously contrived to elicit the truth, and to enable the judge to give a just judgment. It is also well calculated to wear out the spirits and patience of the contesting parties, and to bring a pressure upon them to offer bribes to the judge for a speedy termination of the suit. With all the resources of family connections and personal supervision, which are customary in China, judges undobtedly have excellent means of administering affairs, with justice and equity, if they are so inclined, but the lack of rigid responsibility allows the great corruption, which according to all accounts, is far too common in the court of justice in China.—'Baptist Missions Magazine.'



Raising a Building Fund in China.

(The Rev. G. E. Whitman, Kiaying, China.)

Since my report to Dr. Barbour in June, following attempts to spend a few days with my family, first at Kakchieh and then at Double Island, I have had two very profitable and pleasant periods visiting the churches in the Munkheuliang region. One or two experiences there may be worth relating.

Each time I spent a Sunday at the station of Hopho, opened at the end of last year. The building in which the meetings are held belongs to one of the Christians, and is occupied without charge until a chapel can be built. The first Sunday I had intended to spend elsewhere, and had made engagements to that effect; but a delegation came after me reporting that on that Sunday the time would be ripe to start a subscription for the chapel, and if the opportunity was allowed to pass, such a favorable time might not come again soon. After due consideration I cancelled my previous engagement and went.

At the close of the morning service the work for which my presence was so earn-

estly desired and for which the service was a preparation, began. The preacher stood at the desk with a book containing the names of the adherents, while a scribe sat below and in front to take down the names and amounts of those who subscribed. The owner of the building headed the list, and so was the first to be called upon.

'Tai On, how much will you give?' was the first question.

Tai On grinned, looked up, then down afterwards sideways, then whispered remarks to his neighbor. After due deliberation and an urgent appeal from the preacher to be quick, as there was no time to waste, he said, 'Thirty dollars.' (The dollars are Mexican, one-half the value of gold dollars.—Editor.)

'Don't speak as though you were talking falsely,' says the preacher. 'You must put forth strength. The least is one hundred dollars to open the list.'

Tai On scowls, and says, 'It is too much.'

'It is not,' replies the preacher, and, turning to the scribe told him to write down one hundred dollars.

Tai On got up and looked at the subscription book, exclaiming, 'It is not good! It is not good!' Nevertheless the one hundred was written down.

'The next is Toong Shin. How much will you give? The same as Tai On, probably,' went on the preacher, answering his own question. 'Write down one hundred dollars.' So the second subscription was made without a protest, save the careful scrutiny of Toong Shin to see that the scribe did not exceed the demands of the preacher.

The third man subscribed one hundred and fifty. His statement was taken at its face value. The fourth got off with fifty, on the ground that he was of the same family as the third who had subscribed so liberally.

As each name was called out the financial ability of the man was considered in connection with his subscription. Very few were let off without double or treble the amount they proposed to give.

'False!' 'You have much money at your house.' 'We are not subscribing for current expenses, but to build a chapel.' 'You are not subscribing for some temporary affair, but for something to be continually used.' 'If you don't put forth strength the chapel won't be built.' 'How can you talk in that way?' 'Don't you know that we are intending to build a chapel, and not raising money to pay the preacher's salary?' 'This is not a worldly affair, but for a place to worship the living God.' 'If you don't give where is the evidence of your faith?' (This last statement was probably suggested by the sermon I had preached.)

These remarks and many more were made by the preacher and others, the preacher accompanying them with requests to the scribe to write down the sum he, in what appeared to be a very arbitrary manner, named. He could tell in a moment by looking at a subscriber whether his objections to the amount named were real or pretended. In a few cases the sums were lowered from the amount the preacher fixed; but in general they were written down as he dictated. About eight hundred dollars were raised in this way, and everybody seemed pleased with the result, especially as there were a number more, not present, who would subscribe.

Three Sundays later I was there again with Mr. Warburton. At the afternoon service more subscriptions were called for. After introducing the subject the preacher said, 'At the former time On Lok only subscribed fifteen dollars. Now he has much money at his house, and must raise his subscription to fifty dollars.'

'These are truly hard words,' groaned Mr. On Lok; 'I will pay twenty dollars.'

'No! No! fifty dollars!' came from several at once.

Mr. On Lok got up and came forward to the desk. 'Don't write fifty,' he says to the scribe. 'I will,' was the only comfort he got.

'Truly, there is no way out; write down thirty.'

'No, no! You must give fifty.'

'I will have to put up with it; write down forty.'

'Why do you talk so much? You know you ought to give fifty.'

And fifty it was. Mr. On Lok walked to

his seat with a smile on his face as though he had won a victory. He had. 'His financial standing had been suitably recognized by the congregation against his own seemingly bitter protests.'

In the foregoing manner over one thousand dollars were raised and the end is not yet. Mr. Warburton suggested that such efforts at home to raise a subscription would make everybody mad. They undoubtedly would; also empty the house and leave the preacher no alternative but to resign. China's ways, however, are not America's ways. It is safe to say that no one was forced to give more than he was able, that urging of this kind was expected, and that the feelings of no one were hurt by the, to us, severe and rude remarks of the preacher, and others. The amounts given were undoubtedly more than would have been given under like conditions at home, and with home methods of raising money. The brethren were simply strengthening one another to do their duty, and no one can doubt that the method used was thoroughly outspoken and effective in result. I trust that I shall be the amused, instructed and happy beholder of many more such scenes among the natives churches at China. Pray that the Spirit of the living God will so possess the hearts of this people that they will not only continue to strengthen each other in every good work, but that their influence and example may be the means of bringing large numbers into the kingdom of God.

'"Go ye into all the world." These are the marching orders of the Christian,' —'The Baptist Missionary Magazine.'

Unpleasant Habits.

It is said a quiet bearing and repose of manner is an index to the true lady, says a writer in the 'Indiana Farmer,' and I have heard that some women apply the test to their new acquaintances by seating them in rocking chairs when they make their first calls. If the chair is kept in perpetual motion, the occupant is then black-listed.

Restlessness and boisterousness are more often the result of thoughtlessness than of ignorance.

I know a sweet young girl who moves through the house like a cyclone, runs up or down stairs with a clatter, and slams the doors with a bang. She is always ready to do a kindness, but this noisy habit spoils her.

I know another young girl who is partial to a rocking chair. This would not be objectionable, did she not make everyone else frantic by her vigorous vibrations. She rocks back, springing her feet up on the toes, then forward, bringing the heels down with a stamp. She never seems to tire of the exercise, though all the other members of the household grow exhausted with her labors. She, too, is a sweet young girl, but has a bad habit.

I know a woman who is old enough to know better, who does not keep her fingers quiet five minutes at a time. If at the table she plays with her teaspoon, knife, fork or napkin ring, or rolls up bread pills. If in the sitting room her spectacles, thimble or scissors become her playthings; if there is no small plaything within reach she drums on the arm of her chair with her finger tips or twiddles her fingers.

Sometimes this restlessness is the result of disordered nerves, but more frequently it is traceable to a thoughtless habit.

I once had a good neighbor who could not enter your kitchen without a sniff, followed by the query:—'What are you cooking?' at the same time lifting the pot lid to see for herself.

Another young girl is fond of hearing her own voice; she out-talks all competitors. Her friends rarely have a chance to say their say, she talks so loud and fast.

Don't imagine, brother, that we have never seen any shortcomings in you. Men and boys have as many and as offensive habits as their sisters.

Let's all try to reform.—'The Presbyterian Witness.'

Fishers of Men.

I watched an old man trout-fishing once, pulling them out one after another very briskly. 'You manage it cleverly, old friend,' I said. 'I have passed a good many below who don't seem to be doing anything.' The old man lifted himself up, and stuck his rod in the ground. 'Well, you see, sir, there be three rules for trout-fishing; and 'tis no use trying if you don't mind them. The first is, keep yourself out of sight. The second is, keep yourself further out of sight. And the third is, keep yourself further out of sight still. Then you'll do it.' 'Good for catching men, too,' I thought, as I went on my way.—The 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Mission of a Home-Made 'Phone.

(Belle V. Chisholm, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'Helen, daughter, don't you think that there is such a thing as being over tidy—of—perhaps carrying one's ideas of neatness to such a state of perfection as to interfere with the pleasures of others?' asked Mrs. Morton, gently, after one of Helen's outbursts of temper over some of Jack's whims.

'Why, mother! You know how spick and span you love to keep things looking,' replied Helen. 'If I have an abnormal bump of the love of order, I certainly did come by it honestly. You hate "clutter," even worse than I do, and you know just where every article in this house belongs, and could lay your hand on it the darkest night that ever was.'

'Yes, my child, I do delight in a tasteful home—of having a place for everything and keeping everything in its place, but I hope I do not carry the fad to such an extreme as to interfere with any one's right to be happy in the home,' returned mother.

'But, mother, what right has any one to keep the house topsy-turvy from the beginning of one year to the end of the next?' insisted Helen. 'This is just exactly what Jack does. If it isn't one thing it is another, and what do you suppose it is now? Simply a telephone between his room and Ralph Morton's—a distance of a half a mile. You never saw such a confusion of rusty wires, old cans and screeching noises. I just couldn't tidy up his room with all that mass of stuff in the way, so I tumbled the whole thing out of the window, and now he's as mad as a hornet, and says he is going to put it up again. If he does, I'll pull it all down again. I'll let him see that is a game two can work at.'

'You've had your work, daughter; now please let his alone,' said the mother, gently. 'If it does make a litter, just you shut your eyes to it, and let him make just what he chooses. Boys must have some means of amusement, and this one seems such an innocent way, and cannot do anybody an injury.'

'Wait until the cans begin to scratch, with Ralph at one end and Jack at the other. Then, perhaps, it will not be so harmless as it seems at present,' said Helen. 'You never heard such noises as the combination produces.'

The mother sighed, but did not contradict Helen's assertion. Jack's 'phone was put in place again, though not without a protest from the sister, whose reputation as a little housekeeper was almost as well established among the neighbors, as was her ability to keep at the head of her class at school.

Dr. Maxton's office was in the village—a good half-mile from the pretty little cottage, clinging like a bird's nest to the side of the mountain. Besides this fourteen-year old daughter and her brother twelve, there were two little girls, Grace and Alice, six and eight years old, and the baby boy, Dixon, the pet and pride of the whole family.

Usually the mother and Dixon were both alone during the day, the older children being in school, and the father at his office or out among his patients. One day, it was just the day before Thanksgiving, the mother was summoned hastily to the bedside of a sick sister, and much as she regretted keeping Helen out of school to take care of Dixie, it could not be helped.

Helen was a brave little woman, and she got along nicely during the long forenoon, while baby took his nap and had his romp, after waking up. Then they had their little dinner together, she and the baby, as neither father nor the children came home for luncheon.

About the middle of the afternoon, little Dixie began to cough croupy, and became very feverish. Realizing the danger, Helen ran to the medicine case for the croup medicine, but there was only half a teaspoonful—just one dose there. Then she prepared honey and lard, and coaxed him to swallow a dose or two of that, but instead of being relieved, he grew worse rapidly, and she knew that if he did not get help very soon he would choke to death in her arms. What could she do, away up there on the cliff, out of sight and hearing of a human habitation or voice? She looked out of the door hoping a stray traveller might chance to pass, but the long white road, winding up the mountain side, stretched out empty and hopeless before her. She thought of wrapping the baby up and taking him in her arms and racing down the cliff to her father's office, but she felt that would be a waste of very precious time, that she ought to be doing something to help the child struggling for breath, instead of exposing it to the cold wind that was blowing outside. And when almost ready to despair, the rattling of Jack's telephone cans, by a fierce blast of the wind, thrilled her with a new hope. The boys claimed they could hear each other distinctly, and if their voices could carry, why not hers. So she laid Dixie in the crib, and ran upstairs to Jack's room, and rang the bell of his 'phone, as she had seen him do.

'Hello,' she heard a moment later, 'Is that you, Jack?'

'No, Ralph, it is I, Helen,' she answered. 'Baby Dixie is choking to death with the croup, and I have no one to send for papa. Won't you please go to his office, and tell him to come home at once, and to bring some croup medicine with him, as there is not a drop in the house?'

'Certainly,' said Ralph, 'I'll go this moment, and he'll be home in a few minutes. Don't worry, Dixie will be all right.'

Helen ran back to her little charge, now breathing freer. She gave him a hot bath, wrapped him in a warm blanket, and then repeated the honey and lard mixture. Still the little one struggled for his breath, and the loud, hoarse cough grew more and more alarming. Several times during the brief waiting, she walked over to the window, hoping to see her father's trap winding up the long serpentine road to the cottage. She missed seeing him, however, and at the end of fifteen minutes was thinking of sending another message, when the door opened and her father came in.

He took the suffering child in his own arms, and inquired how long since he had been taken ill, and what she had done for him. 'You have done nobly, my daughter,' he said, after hearing of the remedies she had applied. 'Now, bring me a little water and a spoon and I'll give him some of this medicine,' he added, taking a bottle of dark looking fluid from his pocket-case.

Helen obeyed, and together, father and daughter worked over the little sufferer, but more than an hour passed before there was any perceptible change in the baby's condition. At the expiration of that time, however, he began to grow less restless, and at the end of another hour, when the mother came home, he was sleeping very sweetly.

'I am thankful for a little daughter, who kept a clear head, and acted so sensibly in a trying emergency,' said the mother, that night, after father had pronounced Baby Dixie out of danger. 'What would have become of our dear little boy, to-day, if sister lost her presence of mind, and there was no older head to minister to him, and send for the doctor papa, who made such a noble fight for the precious life.'

'It is very sweet of you to say that, mother, dear,' returned Helen, 'but if it had not been for Jack's telephone I could not have reached father, and baby certainly would have died for lack of medicine and the skilful treatment father brought him. It makes me shudder to think what would have happened, if I had been allowed my own way in the destruction of Jack's home-made instrument.'

'Then, Helen, hereafter you'll be more considerate concerning the rights of all others,' replied her mother. 'Jack's tastes are very different from yours; he likes lots of noise and confusion, but, as you have learned, there is, sometimes, at least, a principle involved in his rough contrivances, and even if there were not, it is your business and mine, to try to make home happy for him and to keep it so very bright and cheery that he will not want to go elsewhere for his pleasures.'

'I understand now what you meant by "over-tidiness,"' replied Helen. 'I have been selfish in wanting everything my own way, but it was Jack's way—his old cans and rusty wires against which I had fought, that counted in the hour of need, and opened my eyes "to see myself as others see me."'

A Swarm of Bees.

(Adele E. Thompson, in 'Good Cheer.')

'I suppose we might keep bees.' There was a little line of perplexity on Marietta Brewer's forehead, and her remark held a tentative accent.

'Bees!' cried her younger sister Alma, looking up from the pansies she was transplanting beside the doorstep where Marietta sat, 'bees!' her clear voice rising with a crescendo effect. 'Whatever put that idea in your head?'

'I think it was old Mr. Bice's bees on the apple blossoms in the orchard, that and the clover meadow opposite—clover is so good for honey, you know. Mr. Bice has made money with his bees, so have other people—other women—and I was wondering why we couldn't.'

Alma held up her hands as if in protest.

'Marietta, anything but bees an' you love me. I've a horror of that most in-

dustrious of insects. True, they "gather honey from every opening flower," but they also scatter stings with equal freedom. I'm sure my hair would turn white and I shouldn't live out half my days if I had bees for familiar acquaintances at all hours.'

'But we need something so much to help along, and with mother and grandmother both almost invalids neither of us can leave home to go to work.'

'I know that, but I would rather take in washing than to have a swarm of bees buzzing about me.'

'I wish you would be sensible, Alma. I don't know of any one here in the country who wants washing done; besides if there was, you know mother would never hear of such a thing.'

'I see. Well, I withdraw the washing, but I will stand as firmly against the bee-stings. Then, too, if we had bees they might die, as Mr. Bice's did last winter. He has only one hive left.'

'But he was sick then, and they were not protected as they should have been. He is hoping that they will swarm early and make a good increase this summer.'

'There's no use of arguing with the ways and means committee of this family. I did have visions,' and Alma sighed, 'of hens that should lay golden eggs, but when my first brood of chickens hatched in an April snowstorm and I had to keep them by the kitchen stove for a week, and the next brood utterly failed to hatch by reason of the hen basely forsaking the eggs in her charge, and the third brood were nearly all caught by the hawks, I'll admit that my enthusiasm flagged.' At a slight sound she turned her head and gave a little start. 'There's a bee now, Marietta, come to fill your want. I feel in my bones that it's going to sting me, and I shall beat a retreat,' and with that she ran into the house.

May had given place to early June. Alma Brewer on her way to the village had to pass the home of old Mr. Bice, where up against the garden fence in pathetic loneliness stood the solitary beehive in place of the half-dozen which had kept it company the year before. As she drew near a peculiar buzzing sound caught her attention, and a flood of bees came pouring out of the hive, as if each was trying to be out first, and sweeping up into the air became a maze of whirling black lines and musical sounds.

Old Mr. Bice had heard the sound and came hobbling out half bent with rheumatism.

'Are your bees swarming?' asked Alma.

'Yes, yes, and a fine swarm it is!' was the answer as he hurried away to bring an empty hive.

With all her fear of bees Alma stood still in her interest and watched the to her curious sight as this way and that they drifted, rising, sinking, growing thick about some bush or tree branch, then moving to mass at some other point. The old man had now come back with a veil over his hat and face, and gloves on his hands, carefully carrying the hive.

'Alma, Alma Brewer,' he quavered, as he watched the bees anxiously, 'can't you come and help me a little? There's nary a soul at home but me, an' I can't let the first swarm of the year, and such a big swarm, get away from me.'

'I'm—I'm afraid they'll sting me,' answered Alma.

'Bees don't usually sting when they're swarming, an' this first swarm of all, I can't noways bear to lose it.'

Alma hesitated, for she had not exaggerated her fear of bees; but she knew how much these meant to the old man, and how he had grieved over the loss of his hives the winter before. She looked around; but there was no one else in sight.

'It is selfish to be afraid when he needs me,' she said to herself. 'I must, I will, be helpful and brave.' So after a moment's struggle she answered, though there was a tremble in her voice, 'I will do what I can,' and turning into the yard she drew the light shawl she wore closely about her head and shoulders for protection.

But the bees had not yet begun to settle in earnest. Suddenly the swarm rose and swept circling and buzzing directly round her; then one of the bees, larger, longer than the others, detached itself from the rest and crept under her shawl, and before Alma had time to prevent or remove the intruder, the queen-bee, for such she was, was tumultuously followed by the whole swarm, who almost before she had time to realize what had happened, were clinging to her shawl and sleeve, a buzzing mass, bee above bee, larger than a gallon measure.

Alma grew fairly faint with terror.

'Keep still, keep still!' cried the old man, but little less frightened than herself. 'Don't move, don't make 'em mad or they'll sting you. Keep still.'

'I'll try to,' Alma gasped, resisting the impulse to flight, which she did not till later realize would have been to panic and disaster. 'Get your hive, quick,' and by an effort she held herself steady for what seemed an age while the old man crossed the yard with the hive, and lifting the shawl found and captured the queen-bee, who again was followed by the whole of the swarm. When the last one was safely in the hive, Alma, white to her very lips, sank on the ground with a little hysterical laugh of relief.

'Their buzz sounded like a roar in my ears,' she said, telling the story to her sister, as she sat fanning herself with her hat on the doorstep of home, 'and I just thought at first I should die with fright, but I held fast. Not a single bee stung me after all, and Mr. Bice says I am the pluckiest girl he ever saw with bees—just think of that, will you? But best of all, I helped to save his bees.'

Mr. Bice soon repeated the story, and Alma found herself in a small way a local heroine; and what was better still, from that day she entirely lost her former fear of bees.

'I'll admit it was a heroic remedy,' she used to remark when referring to it afterward, 'but after all I guess it paid,' with a nod of pride towards the row of white hives under the orchard trees where the sound of humming made the air musical through the summer days, as the bees came laden with their honey treasure gathered from the sweet hearts of opening blossoms.

For she had had a start in bee-keeping after all. Mr. Bice made the girls a visit of state on the occasion of his bees' second swarming and pressed upon Alma the acceptance of the swarm, and would not take no for an answer, though the girls both tried to have him take payment for them.

The incident of the first swarming he was never weary of telling.

'That Alma Brewer,' he would say, 'has just the most nerve when it comes to bees of any girl I ever saw yet. Why, I was scared most to death for fear them bees was goin' to sting her, and there she stood and never once moved. Them Brewer girls is doin' fine with their bees, best of anybody around here, an' it's more than half owin' to the way Alma can manage 'em. Says she learned the knack that day she stopped to help me, you know. Kinder queer,' he would add with a reflective chuckle, 'how sometimes we help ourselves the most just by helpin' of somebody else.'

Afraid of Losing his Eyes.

He was a literary man in a Chinese city, disfigured by a hare-lip. He heard of the Christian (L.M.S.) Hospital at Hankow, where (he was told) wonderful operations were performed, and thought he would like to find out if anything could be done to put his mouth right. With a friend he came to the hospital, but did not dare to go in. He had heard and he believed all the current stories about the foreign doctors digging out people's eyes and killing them to get their hearts, with which to make medicines. He and his friend hung about the door of the hospital day after day, anxious for help, but afraid. At last Dr. Griffith John saw them, and invited them in. Reassured by his courtesy, they timidly crossed the threshold, and saw everything clean and bright, and poor sick folks experiencing such kindness and comfort as they had never found elsewhere in a time of trouble. Encouraged by what he saw and heard, the literary man allowed his lip to be operated upon, and was soon cured, and his face comely to behold. He told the doctor then what stories he had previously heard of him; but now, he said, 'I will assure my friends how false these charges are; and when you come up to my hut you will have a hearty welcome.' So the hospital breaks down walls and lets the Gospel go in.—The 'Presbyterian.'

There is but one way to become a thorough, happy, and effective Christian. Whether you are a pastor, with a large flock and salary, or small; whether you are a Sunday-school teacher, or a philanthropist pushing an uphill reform, or a parent guarding and guiding the home flock, you will get no good, unless you serve Christ heartily.—Dr. Cuyler.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

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Miss Benson's Hired Man.

(Elizabeth Robbins, in 'Good Cheer.')

Robert sat on the doorstep, his elbows on his patched knees, his face resting in his hands. He was thinking so hard that his forehead was criss-crossed with fine wrinkles.

At a little distance was two-year-old Dannie, playing in the loose sand of the driveway with a tin cocoa-can and a broken-handled spoon. Robert sighed heavily as he watched him. 'Two weeks ago mother was alive, and we were all together and so happy,' he said to himself. 'Now mother is dead, and Dannie and I haven't any home at all—only here. Mr. Davis said we might stay till school begins. That will be just a week from day after to-morrow. It was good of him to let us stay so long, for he's got two men and he don't need my help, and I'm quite sure Mrs. Davis doesn't like the bother of having us round.'

Here Dannie came trotting up to lean on his brother's knee, laugh up at him, and pat his face softly with his chubby little hand. Then with some baby jargon on his lips he trotted back again to his play.

After supper, Mr. and Mrs. Davis had gone to ride. Robert had watched them drive away. Further down the road, Miss Benson had come out, and they had stopped to talk with her. Then they had gone along and soon disappeared from sight.

One of the men was hoeing in the garden, a whip-poorwill was singing somewhere, and there was a gorgeous sunset in the west, but Robert was in such a brown study that he did not notice any of these things.

The sound of footsteps close at hand made him look up. Miss Benson was coming up the driveway toward him.

'I want you over to my house,' she said abruptly.

Robert rose to his feet, a little startled. He had always stood in considerable awe of Miss Benson, she was so straight and prim and severe, and had such a brusque way of speaking.

'I've just had a difference with my hired man,' she explained, 'and he's packed up his things and left. I shall get a new man as soon as I can—probably by the end of the week. Meantime my cows have got to be milked. Mr. Davis says you can milk and he don't know any reason why you can't help me out.'

'Yes'm, I can milk, and I'd be glad to do it for you,' said Robert.

'There'll be quite a little other choring to do, so perhaps you'd better come and stay—come to-night so as to be on hand in the morning.'

'All right, I will,' Robert agreed. 'Come, Dannie,' he called to the child.

'Mercy me! You're not going to bring him?' exclaimed Miss Benson.

'I think I'll have to, if I come,' faltered Robert.

'Two boys—and one of 'em a baby! It's too much of a good thing,' said Miss Benson in a vexed tone. 'Dear me! isn't there somebody else I could get, I wonder!' and she bit her lip and pondered. 'No,' she sighed at last, 'I can't think of another living soul. Well, perhaps I can get the new man around by the middle of the week. I don't see but what I shall have to take both of you, though the remedy is almost worse than the disease,' she ended, with an uncomfortable laugh.

'I'll get a few of our things together and come right over,' Robert told her.

'Very well. I won't wait for you,' said Miss Benson, and she walked rapidly away.

When Robert and Dannie reached the house, she had prepared a room for them, and Robert put Dannie right to bed, where he fell asleep very quickly.

'Shall I take the lantern and go and see if everything is all right in the barn, and then lock up?' Robert asked.

'Yes. I'll go with you,' Miss Benson answered, taking up the lantern.

Robert went into the stall beside the old horse. 'He's gentle, isn't he?' he asked.

'He used to be, but I guess Mike and the man I had before him have ruined his disposition, between them. He's got the habit of biting and snapping lately.'

'My! don't you call his halter pretty tight?' said Robert.

Miss Benson reached over the side of the stall and felt it.

'Humph! I should think so! If that's the way he's been kept all the time I do not wonder it has made him feel ugly.'

'Shall I let it out two holes?' Robert asked.

'Yes.'

Then Robert went along in front of the cows. All but one of the six shrank back when he put his hand out toward them, and the sixth looked at him. 'I don't believe they'll always act that way—not when they find out I'm their friend,' Robert said.

He saw that the stanchions were all of them fastened, the scuttles in place, the chain up behind the horse, and then he locked the doors and they went back to the house.

Robert awoke at half-past four the next morning and tip-toed out of the house to go to the barn. He came in with milk at six, having in the meantime given the cows a very thorough carding and brushing, besides milking them and feeding them. Only four of them were giving any milk.

'I guess they ain't used to me,' he said, apologetically, as he set down the pails. 'Sometimes they don't give down their milk good with a new milker.'

'That's more than they've been giving,' said Miss Benson.

'Is it? Why, I thought—it seems as if they ought to give more than that. Mr. Davis said you had some extra good cows.'

'Yes, I bought them for extra good ones, but somehow they've never come up to what they were represented, or anywhere near it. I suppose it's because they have not been treated decently. Now, that cow that kicks—Did she kick you?' she stopped herself suddenly to ask.

'Ye—es, she kinder did,' Robert answered, coloring.

'What did you do when she kicked?' Miss Benson asked, looking at him sharply. 'Did you hit her with the first thing that came handy?'

'No'm,' said Robert indignantly. 'I just backed away a little and waited. I would not hit a cow that was tied up in the barn, whatever she did.'

'Why wouldn't you hit her in the barn?'

'Why, because if you scare a cow, or even do anything to make her uneasy, she won't give so much milk, and the milk won't be so rich. Mr. Davis says a man's a fool who isn't kind to his animals, for it's just taking money out of his own pocket. He says the more comfortable and happy you make 'em, the more they'll do for you. But,' he added, 'I wouldn't abuse 'em anyway, because I like animals.'

'I think your brother is awake and that he wants to get up,' said Miss Benson.

Robert fancied she spoke coldly. 'I guess she thinks I talk too much,' he thought. He went and dressed Dannie and took him out to the barn, where he put him in an empty bin in the grain chest to keep him out of mischief till he had finished.

At breakfast Miss Benson at first took no notice of Dannie, except to look with disgust at his grimy dress, but he smiled so engagingly when she did chance to glance his way that she had perforce to smile back, and before the meal was over he had made her laugh outright.

'I think I'll go to church,' said Miss Benson. 'I'm in danger of forgetting the way, it's so long since I've been.'

She forgot to tell Robert to harness the horse, but he did it without being told, so that when Miss Benson was ready she did not have to wait.

When she returned from church she noticed that Dannie looked cleaner, though she saw he had on the same dress. She asked Robert if he had washed it.

'Yes, in the brook, and let it dry in the sun,' he said. 'And I gave Dannie a good scrub in the brook, too.'

Robert thought she would be pleased, for she herself was as neat as wax, and dirt was her especial abhorrence, but she made no comment.

'I wish I could please her,' he thought a little sadly, 'but as long as I can't, I'll do the best I can, and try to deserve that she should be pleased.'

So he carded the cows very conscientiously, and fed them exactly according to directions, and, finding that Miss Benson had a fly-repellant and a sprayer, that she said the men she had hired had never been willing to use, he sprayed the cows night and morning. He kept the tubs well filled with fresh water, and mended the fence in an unused pasture, so they could have more green feed. And he did other things—tidied up the yard, kept the wood-box filled, hoed in the garden, fed the pigs and hens, picked the vegetables.

But Robert's heart was very heavy as he worked. Thoughts of the future filled him with hopelessness, and though he studied it till his head would ache, he found nothing that afforded him any comfort or encouragement. And the worst of it was, he could not talk about his troubles with anyone. He almost knew he would cry if he tried and to have anybody see him crying he felt would be unbearable.

Then there was that new hired man, who might come any day now. Robert dreaded it unspeakably, for he hated to go back to Mr. Davis's, where he and Dannie were not wanted, even for a day. It was so much pleasanter at Miss Benson's, too, in spite of her abrupt ways and her plain speaking. She never scolded, and Robert saw more and more that she had a kind heart.

'What makes you look so thin and woe-begone?' she suddenly demanded of Robert one day, in her most brusque tone. 'Are you worried about something? Don't you get enough to eat?'

'Oh, yes! I have more than enough to eat,' he assured her, ignoring her first question.

'Then it must be I work you too hard,' she said. 'You're a disgrace to me, with your hollow cheeks and big eyes,' and she wouldn't let him work at all in the afternoons till chore time, at about four o'clock though he protested that he felt perfectly able to and wanted to.

On Saturday afternoon, when Robert came into the house to bring the eggs, just before driving up the cows, he stopped at the kitchen pump to give Dannie a drink of water. Miss Benson had a caller, Mrs. Wade, who was very deaf. Robert could hear them talking in the sitting-room.

'Yes,' Miss Benson was saying, 'he is coming this evening.'

Robert's hand shook as he held the dipper to Dannie's lips. 'He' must be the new hired man. Robert wondered if Miss Benson would send him and Dannie away that night.

When supper time came he could hardly eat anything. Dannie was tired, and so Robert put him to bed early, then went outdoors. Down the road a young man was walking briskly. Robert watched him approach. He had a valise, and—yes, he was turning into the yard.

Robert went out to the barn. There was a pile of hay he had pitched off the mow for the cows' morning feed. He threw himself face downward on it and lay there very still.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Miss Benson, with a lantern, came into the barn. She had been calling Robert from the back door of the house, but no one had answered. Everything seemed quiet in the barn, and she was about to go away, when her ears caught the sound of a stifled moan, and then she saw Robert.

She bent over him. 'Robert! What is the matter? Are you hurt?'

'No'm,' he managed to answer.

'What is the matter, then? Why are you out here?'

'Your new hired man has come, and—and you won't want me any more—and—'

'What makes you think I've got a new hired man?' asked Miss Benson.

'I heard you say he was coming this evening, and I saw him——'

'That wasn't any hired man; it was my nephew, come to stay over Sunday.'

'Well, you're going to have one——'

'I hope so,' said Miss Benson, crisply.

Robert had sat up, but now he cast himself down again.

'Go on,' commanded Miss Benson. 'What were you going to say when I interrupted you?'

'You're going to get somebody, and so you won't want me any more, and school begins Monday, and the law compels me to go, and Dannie—Dannie——'

'Well, what about Dannie?'

'I can't take care of him and of myself, and go to school, too, and so he'll have to go to—to——'

Here Robert's feelings overcame him.

'Where'll he have to go?' insisted Miss Benson.

'To the—poor-house!' Robert burst out with a sob, 'and I feel as if I'd rather die.'

'Is that what you've been worrying and growing thin about all the week?' demanded Miss Benson.

'Yes,' answered Robert. 'I've been trying to think of some way to prevent it, and I couldn't. If only I didn't have to go to school——'

'How old are you, Robert?'

''Most fourteen.'

'Why,' said Miss Benson, 'that is just the age of the fellow I'm thinking of hiring. He's got a little brother that I have taken a great fancy to, and I thought perhaps they'd like to live with me, and the older boy go to school and work when he could at home, and I'd give them both their board and clothes.'

Robert started up and gazed at Miss Benson with wondering, perplexed eyes. 'Miss Benson, you don't mean—you can't mean—' It seemed too presumptuous for him to finish the sentence.

'Yes,' smiled Miss Benson, 'I do mean you. Will you stay?'

'You're not joking?' faltered Robert.

'Joking! No, my dear boy, I'm not joking. Do you know that never since I lived on this farm have my little Jerseys been taken such good care of as they have the past week! You think I haven't noticed, but I have. Their coats shine, the flies are kept off them, and they've given more and richer milk every day—now, in August. And the horse is improving. It hasn't looked so tidy about the house and yards for years. Don't you think I know when I've got exactly what I want? By hiring a fews days' work now and then, I can get along with only you, and not work you too hard, either. And I've got attached to Dannie. He's a dear little fellow. My! do you think I'd let him go to the poor-house? No!' And Miss Benson's lips shut together in a determined line.

Robert arose from the hay and stood up erect. He seemed to have gained in inches and in manliness. His eyes were shining. 'If I don't turn out the best hired man you ever had, Miss Benson,' he said, 'then I hope—that somebody'll take me out and shoot me,' he ended.

Then, somehow, she looked so kind and motherly and good—and she loved Dannie, which was best of all—Robert, big boy that he was, suddenly threw his arms about Miss Benson and kissed her. After which he gently took the lantern from her and, somewhat abashed by what he had done, led the way into the house.

Livingstone said it was amusing to listen to the exclamations of surprise from the native Africans on seeing their faces in a mirror for the first time. They would beseech him to allow them to see themselves in this wonderful glass. 'Why,' said one woman, 'my ears are as big as pumpkin leaves.' 'I have no chin at all,' said another. 'I would have been pretty but for these high cheek bones.' 'See how my head shoots up in the middle,' and so on their remarks continued in a way we can well imagine. Livingstone would sometimes pretend to be asleep for the sake of listening to the funny speeches, while the looking glass entertainment was going on.

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Irene's Discovery.

(Annette L. Noble, in 'Good Cheer.')

Irene Wells when a child lost her mother, and an aunt begged the care of her for a few years. Irene's father was a very busy doctor in a country town, and as he never married again Irene stayed with her aunt until she was eighteen years old. Then, as her father's housekeeper had become rather infirm, Irene thought it was her duty to return to him. He was a large-hearted, wise man of whom any daughter should have been as proud as she was fond and Irene loved him devotedly. She was a good girl, and in the main sensible, but she was a little romantic; in fact, she had read so many novels that she was vaguely dissatisfied with everything and everybody not after the pattern which she fancied most elegant.

Irene's father was delighted to have her at home, and she found that he had refurnished her room, and done everything that his love could devise to make her happy. For a few weeks she seemed quite contented, but before the summer ended Dr. Wells noticed an expression of discontent every day increasing on the pretty face of his only child.

One morning before he started out on his professional duties, he playfully detained her, and asked if she were ill, or what was the matter with his little girl. Then it all came out in a burst. Irene declared that life seemed 'so stupid, so deadly monotonous,' and that all the people she met were 'tiresome to the last degree.' The men talked only business or politics; the women about their babies, servants, or one another, and the girls were shy or 'shallow.' Her efforts to get up a club to study Browning's poems had failed; she had shown the young girls her photographs of the Elgin marbles in the British Museum. They looked at them politely, and then were ten times more enthusiastic about the amateur kodak pictures of their own friends, or of the interiors of their houses. How had her intellectual father ever managed to exist in a town where all life was so 'stale, flat and unprofitable'?

Dr. Wells's gray eyes twinkled with humor, and a keen speech was on the tip of his tongue; but he wanted to retain his daughter's confidence, so he only asked: 'Have you ever heard of Mrs. H—— L—— or read any of her books?'

'Indeed, I have. Why some critics say that she is almost the best writer of fiction we have to-day in this country.'

'Yes, I know. Well, she is staying at the Boyd Hotel, and is a patient of mine. She was on her way to California, but feeling ill stopped off for a night and has been detained here ever since. I have had some delightful talks with her, and I will ask her to let you call this evening; she is by no means stupid, I can assure you.'

'No, indeed,' cried Irene. 'How I should love to meet her! I never knew an author in private life;' and then she thought, 'Perhaps she will tell me how she began, and give me suggestions how to write a novel;' for deep down in Irene's heart was the hope that she would some day write a book which would make her famous.

Dr. Wells called that morning on his distinguished patient, and perhaps gave a hint of Irene's state of mind, for the lady, who greatly liked and admired her

physician, invited him to bring Irene, and leave her to spend that evening.

How the young girl's heart fluttered when she first met the gentle responsive lady who stood for all that seemed to Irene most to be desired! She was not 'common'; before middle age she had attained fame. They talked first of indifferent things, and then the lady said that, if she must be ill at all, she was very glad that it was with a malady which left her head clear so that she had been able to write every day, but most of all she was grateful to Dr. Wells, who had treated her so skilfully and proved so interesting a friend.

'Do you know, Miss Wells, that your father took me for a ten-mile drive this afternoon while he visited his country patients? When he was in their houses I sat in the carriage and scribbled; then as we drove about, he talked to me of them. He seemed to know every man, woman and child within a circuit of twenty-five miles. What a grand life a good doctor leads! How many chances he has to do good. He gets so close to people.'

'Yes, I suppose it is so—I know that people are always coming to my father with troubles of mind as well as with those of the body. But you say that you were writing. I should like so much to know how you compose—how you imagine the people in your stories; they seem so like real life.'

Mrs. H—— L—— did not answer directly, but exclaimed, 'What novels your father might write if he had the time! He gave me so many ideas this afternoon, told me so many interesting characters here, that I longed to stay a month and get to know the people; but then people are always so interesting to me everywhere. Miss Wells, if by any chance you have the desire and ability to write stories, what a suggestive place you live in, and what a wealth of material is all around you here.'

'I do not quite understand; the people here—why, they are the stupidest and the most uninteresting of mortals, it seems to me.'

'My dear girl, I am sure you are making a mistake. There is a Persian rhyme that says:

"Diving and finding no pearls in the sea,
Blame not the ocean, the fault is in thee."

'Don't you like people just because they are human? Don't their different temperaments and their peculiarities interest you? When their faces show joy or grief, don't you find yourself wondering what lies behind that expression?'

'Not unless I know and like the people already.'

'What made Shakespeare Shakespeare, do you think?'

'Why, he had a marvellous imagination and a wonderful gift of expression—and everything else that goes to make up genius.'

'True, but the one thing that made him the master story-teller of all the ages was his sympathetic insight into the workings of all men's minds. And it was largely the common people whom he studied, for he lived among them. I imagine that he could never be left five minutes with a human being without finding that person interesting and suggestive.'

'It was so with Dickens and with other writers of fiction. To-day as we rode past little cottages and by great, fine farmhouses, your father talked of the people who lived there—such tragedies, such comedies in life! and again such heroes! such saints and such a host, too, of quaint characters as he knows! Why, I filled my notebook to overflowing with types which I can use hereafter in stories; but even as I did it, I was half ashamed to be studying human nature for a purpose so much less noble than your father's purpose. I try to teach what is good and worthy of imitation, but your father enters into these lives for such help to body and to mind.'

Irene was much puzzled by the turn the talk had taken; but she was more surprised when the lady asked, 'Do you know Janet Grey?'

'By sight. She is a plain girl, who says very little.'

'But she is the heroine of a story exquisitely beautiful—get your father to tell it to you. And that Helen Nelson, in the little tumble-down cottage, do you know her?'

'She never attracted me.'

'She is very poor, but your father says if she had not told the truth to the minutest detail in a law-suit, where she might easily have kept back certain proof, she would have come into a large fortune, with the fine house on the hill. Against the wishes of her lover she told all, and he left her in consequence. She seems to be as much of a heroine as Scott's "Jeanne Deans."'

Now, we cannot report more of this conversation, but when Irene went home she realized that she was dull and not the people about her; she had been told that if once she met them as her father had met them, heart to heart, she would find them interesting, lovable, suggestive. From that night she tried to do this, and her discontent vanished like fog before sunshine. She never wrote a great novel, but she did better: she lived a happy, helpful life, beloved by her neighbors and by all who came in contact with her. The girl who finds herself at odds with her surroundings, who finds no congenial souls around her, too often needs not to change her environment, but to realize her own dulness and self-absorption.

Our choice in life must be a cubic choice. It must have three dimensions. First, it must be very high—as high as I can reach with my life. Next, it must be very broad, covering all the powers of my life—mind, voice, hands, feet. And then it must be very long—run out seventy years, if that be the sum of my days on earth. I cannot afford to swap horses in the middle of the stream. I cannot afford to change my course at thirty or forty. We are to make the choice the highest, the broadest, and the longest possible.—Alexander McKenzie, D.D.

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Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

'Suppose you begin to-day,' said Rose, 'to see if you cannot do something for others; that is the best cure for selfishness. Here, I have brought an apron for Daph, which I want you to make. It will please her to think you have done it for her. She is so kind to you, that you really should try to make her happy.'

Louise had always accepted Daph's services as a matter of course, and it dawned upon her as a new idea that she was to try to make happy the humble creature who never seemed to have a wish but to serve her master's children faithfully.

Little by little Louise began to take hold of the idea that to be Christlike is to be useful, fond of making others happy, and forgetful of self.

Daph resisted stoutly when Louise first proposed to dress herself, and began by degrees to take some care of Charlie.

'But,' thought the poor negress, 'Daph may die some day, and the sweet little mistress do be right; she must learn to help herself a little, for nobody knows jus' what may happen.'

'Here, Daffy, I have made this for you all myself!' said Louise, joyfully, as she held up the apron, which after many days of secret toil she had completed.

'For Daph, Miss Lou! and all, all made with those dear little hands. Now Daph do feel proud!' and tears filled the eyes of the honest creature.

It was not the mere gift that made the heart of the negress throb with pleasure; but it was the kind consideration, the patient thought for her welfare, that overcame her, as she said, 'You do be like dear missus, now! Dat's de way she used to speak to poor Daph.'

'Dear Daffy,' said Louise, bursting into tears, 'I do not mean to be ever naughty to you again. Indeed, I am very, very sorry. I am going to be one of Lord Jesus' little children now, and you know he was always kind and gentle.'

'Now de great Lord be praised!' said Daph, as she sank down quite overcome. 'Daph do be too full of joy, to hear dose words from her own little dear. De Lord help her, and bring her to his beautiful home!'

To be able to read her mother's Bible now became the dearest wish of little Louise, and with strong motive she made rapid progress in the daily lessons she took from her kind friend Rose. The patience and perseverance of both teacher and scholar were at length rewarded. Louise was able after a few months of careful instruction to take her mother's bible, and, in her own sweet, childlike way, read the words of truth and beauty that flowed from the lips of him who 'spake as never man spake.'

The leaves, brightened by early frosts, still fluttered on the trees, and the soft air of Indian summer floated in at the open windows. A lovely autumn day was now drawing to a close. Daph and her little charges had taken their evening meal, and for a moment there was silence in the cheerful room.

'Daffy,' said Louise, 'I will read to you now out of the dear Book.'

Daph sat down reverently on her low bench, and Charlie, in imitation, quietly took his own little chair.

'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,' read the subdued voice of the child, while the negress bent forward to catch each word of the beautiful psalm.

'She do be one of the Great Shepherd's lambs, sure 'nough,' murmured Daph, as the little girl closed the Book, and said, 'Now, Daffy, we'll sing a hymn.'

Little Charlie joined his voice with that of his earnest sister, and poor Daph, 'mid fast flowing tears, added her notes of praise to that evening hymn. Joy and peace that evening pervaded those few hearts in that humble room, for it was bright with his presence, who has said, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'

CHAPTER XIII.

MARY RAY.

It was midnight. Charlie and Louise were locked in the sound sleep of youth and vigorous health, but Daph, with the half wakefulness of a faithful dog, was not so dead to the outer world.

A slight knock, and then a stealthy footstep, roused the negress, and she started up and looked about her. In the dim moonlight she saw Mary Ray standing at her bedside, with her finger on her lips, and herself setting the example in every motionless limb, of the silence she imposed.

Mary took Daph by the hand, and led her into the hall, and then said in a whisper:

'I could not go without bidding you good-bye, you have always been so kind to me!'

Daph looked in wonder at the slender young girl, wrapped in her shawl and carrying a small bundle in her hand.

'Where is you going, Mary?' she said, anxiously; 'it's no good is takin' you from home this time of night.'

'I can bear it no longer,' said Mary, with quiet determination; 'I have never had a home, and now I am going to look for one for myself. Mother may find out that, if I am "only a girl," she will miss me. So good-bye, Daph. I should like to kiss the children once more, but I am afraid that I should wake them. Good-bye,' and the young girl shook the hand of her humble friend.

The hand she had given was not so easily released; it was held gently but firmly as if in a vise.

'I'se won't let you go—go straight to black sin,' said Daph, earnestly; 'you's a leavin' the mother the great Lord gave you; you's a leavin' the home the great Lord put you in, and there's black sin a waitin' outside for you if you go, so young and lone. I'se will not let you go.'

'I cannot bear it any longer,' said Mary, as she sank down on the floor, and wiped away her fast flowing tears.

Mary had of late had a hard life indeed. Mrs. Ray had been slowly coming to a knowledge of herself, and this knowledge, instead of bringing repentance and reformation, had made her doubly unreasonable and irritable, and on Mary she had vented all her ill-humor.

Though still treated as a child, Mary had become, in feeling and strength of character, a woman. The sense of injustice and ill-treatment, which had grown with her growth, had now reached its height. The down-trodden child now felt herself a curbed, thwarted, almost persecuted woman, and she was determined to bear her present life no longer.

It was in vain that Daph pleaded with her to give up her wild purpose; at last all the poor negress's store of persuasion and warning was exhausted, and in her despair she said, desperately, 'Now, you, Mary, jus' sit still here and let Daph tell you somewhat dat be all solemn true, ebery single word.'

Daph had been no inattentive listener to Rose's frequent reading of the Saviour's life on earth; and now, in her own simple, graphic way, she sketched the outline of his patient suffering, and painful unresisted death. She told of the glory of his heaven, where those who humbly follow him shall rejoice forever; and the speaker and the listener forgot the dreary place and the midnight hour as she dwelt in faith on that glorious theme. 'Dere'll be nobody dere, Mary, dat turns de back on the work de Lord gibs 'em to do,' said Daph, earnestly. 'Stay, Mary, and try to bear for de Lord Jesus' sake! Who knows but what your poor ma, her own self, may learn to know 'bout de heavenly home?'

Every human heart has its trials, which it can only bear in the strength that God alone can give. Every human heart feels the need of comfort and hope which can only be found in God's truth.

Mary Ray was touched by the simple eloquence of her humble friend, and acted upon by the glorious motives held out to her for new efforts of forbearance and patient endurance.

The world she had known was dreary and dismal enough; but what terrors, and trials and temptations might not await her in the new scenes into which she was hastily rushing! Subdued and softened, she crept back to her bed, and lay down beside the mother whom she had so nearly forsaken. Compared with the wide, lone world without, that poor, low room seemed a kindly and comfortable shelter; and as her mother sighed and groaned in her sleep, Mary felt that natural affection was not yet dead in her heart—that a tie bound her to her on whose bosom she had been nursed.

True prayer was at that moment going up to heaven for the poor, tried desperate girl! And what faithful petition was ever unnoticed or unanswered!

Mary met Daph's kind 'Good morning' with a shy, averted face, and kept out of her way as much as possible during that day.

When evening came on and the sound of singing was heard in the room of the lodgers, Mary lingered at the open door, and did not resist when Daph noiselessly stepped to her side and drew her to the low bench where she herself was seated.

Mary Ray learned to love that evening hour when she could hear Louise read of the blessed Saviour and join her voice in the hymns of praise that went up from the faithful worshippers.

Even this pleasure she was soon obliged to deny herself, for all her time and attention were needed beside the sick bed of her mother.

Mrs. Ray had never wholly recovered from the severe cold with which she was attacked soon after the arrival of Daph. At times, her cough turned upon her with violence, and at length a sudden hemorrhage laid her low. Prostrate, enfeebled and helpless, Mrs. Ray had time to dwell upon her past life, and see all too plainly the hatefulness of her own wicked heart. A dull despair crept over her. She gave herself up as a lost and hopeless being, waiting for her eternal doom. Daph felt her own incapacity to reason with and comfort the wretched woman, and to Rose she turned for aid and counsel.

(To be continued.)

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The War—The 'Spectator,' London.
Harbin City: The East's New Moscow—The 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Gen. Kouropatkin's Romantic Career—By Ernest R. Haskell, in the New York 'Evening Post.'
Japan's Last War—The 'Daily News,' London.
In St. Petersburg and Tokio—By Sir Edwin Arnold, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Khuligani of St. Petersburg—The 'Westminster Budget.'
Unions and Efficiency, British and American Workmen—The Chicago 'Journal.'
A Free Trade Ministry—The 'Pilot,' London.
The Lessons of the Baltimore Disaster—The American 'Review of Reviews.'
Of Buried Treasure—The 'Christian World.'
'Suffering' Bishops—The 'Westminster Budget,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Pius X. on Church Music—By W. B. S., in the 'Pilot,' London.
Art in Furnishing—'My Lady's Bower'—By Mrs. Tweedie, in the 'Onlooker,' London.
The Words of the Modern Ballad—The Manchester 'Guardian.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Christus Cunctator—Poem, by Arthur Munby, in the 'Spectator.'
A Lenten Thought—Room for God in the World—The 'Outlook,' New York.
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Itineraries—Augustine Birrell, in the 'Speaker,' London.
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A PICTURE TO DRAW.

Allen City.

(Mary Joanna Porter, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

We are sometimes told about the rapid growth of western towns that spring up in a day, but Allen City grew even more rapidly, for it was built in half a day.

The boys planned it over night.

'Let's build a city to-morrow,' said Eugene. 'Let's make long streets and houses and walls and have a store and a stable. We have our house to start with.'

Now the boy's house was a little cabin in the back yard. It had only plain board walls and a flat roof, made also of boards, and a small closet projecting from the front adjoining the opening for the door. Some people might have called it by the undignified name of 'shanty,' but to the children it was a veritable palace of delight. 'Once upon a time' they had all gone together to the saw mill—Edith, Mabel, Horace and Eugene—and from there had drawn on their express cart the material for the house, to build it, putting forth all their strength and using their best skill. With a little help from Papa Allen it was completed.

Thereafter it was a most important attachment to their home. There Mabel had her dolls and dressed and cared for them, sometimes giving parties and receptions in their honor. The small closet in front was by turns a doll house for Mabel, or a museum for the boys. A long seat or divan was constructed along the inside walls of the house, and this, covered with shawls and cushions formed a comfortable resting place. Sometimes baby Margaret, who was very fond of making a call, went out to the house for a short visit, and was duly installed upon one of the cushions, where she held court as a young queen might have done.

Sometimes—and this was considered the height of felicity—Mabel and the boys were allowed to carry their dinner or supper to this delightful abode and then they had a feast indeed. For where did bread and butter, meat and potatoes or anything else taste so truly delicious as in the small building which was furnished exactly to their taste, and where they might do precisely what they pleased? Naturally, when Eugene proposed building a city he expected to include this important house.

Directly after morning prayers the two boys set about the execution of the plan. They had the main street laid out and levelled when Mabel appeared on the scene, and according to her manner, set to work to help them. Her work was building a fence with sticks and cords. This ran the entire length of the street, being interrupted only by an occasional house which was constructed of a wooden box set on end, and thus at once made ready for occupancy.

In the course of two or three hours Mabel opened a store where groceries and soda water and books were on sale. The store consisted of a long board resting on two boxes. A number of tin pails and glass jars and paper boxes held the various goods which were to be disposed of. While Mabel was arranging these, Horace and Eugene had been hard at work; so diligent had they been that when the dinner-bell rang at noon they pronounced the city 'all done, except the wells.'

'But the wells may be the hardest part,' said Horace, 'we'll have to dig them, you know, and digging isn't easy work.'

His observation was a just one. Digging is not easy work, but, like everything else, it is easier when one takes an interest in it.

After taking an hour for rest and refreshment, just as other laborers do, the three children repaired once more to the scene of activity.

'Now, you know,' said Mabel, 'that it wouldn't be very ladylike for me to dig, so I'll just take good care of the store, and whenever you're thirsty just come and get something nice to drink. I've made

some fresh coffee and my soda water is fine. It won't hurt you. Come and get a glass as often as you want it.'

With this introduction Mabel began a lively sale which continued through the greater part of the afternoon. Her soda was water pure and simple. Her coffee was also water colored with a few coffee grains. No one was injured by what he bought at her store.

The boys applied themselves to vigorous digging, and as time wore on they both began to grow tired. Eugene left the well at which he was working and moved over to the one in which Horace stood, partly surrounded by a wall of earth.

'What do you come here for, Eugene?'

'Why, I think I'll help you finish this well. I'm tired of working in that other one all alone.'

'But I don't want your help. I can do this myself, and I want you to get that other one done. The man who has hired that house wants to move into it to-morrow.'

'I don't care if he does. I don't care for him, nor anyone else. I'm not going to finish that alone. It's too hard work; I'm going to just help you with this, or else do nothing.'

Warm and weary the little fellows were on the verge of what might be called an unpleasantness. Then Mabel left her store with all its valuable merchandise and went over to the well. 'Boys,' said she, don't you remember about Isaac, the Peacemaker, when we had him in Sunday-school? Don't you remember that he wouldn't quarrel about a well? If I were in your place I wouldn't do it either. Suppose you both move on, just as he did. Suppose you come into my store and let me read you a story from one of my books. Maybe you'll like it so that you'll want to buy it.'

So the boys laid down their spades and went into the store and listened to the story of Rip Van Winkle and his long sleep in the mountains. Dear little Mabel. I am sure that she had learned the Golden Verse, 'Blessed are the peacemakers.'

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Willie's Faith.

William Peters is a little boy, just nine years of age, living with his parents in a small town in Maine.

One day while playing in the yard with some other children Willie stepped on a nail, which ran into his foot, causing severe pain. His older brother heard him scream, and ran out to see what was the matter. Finding the little fellow was hurt, he lifted him up, carried him into the house and laid him on the bed.

The doctors said it was a bad wound. He treated it the best he could, still it grew no better, but rather worse. Then a very skillful physician from the city was called who said the only thing that could save the boy's life was to have his foot taken off.

A day was fixed for the operation. Willie was almost beside himself at the thought of being a cripple all his life, and as he was a Christian boy he thought God might help him. He clasped his hands, and in his childish way was heard to say:

'Oh, blessed Saviour, the doctors cannot save my poor foot, and I cannot bear to have it taken off; if you were only here on earth now my papa would send for you and you would come and lay your hand upon it and make it all well, I know you would.'

He stopped a moment, his face lighted up, and he exclaimed:

'Oh, blessed Jesus, you can do it just as well as though you were here, can't you? And I know you will.'

After this Willie was quiet and cheerful, and seemed to have no dread of the operation which was to take place on the morrow.

The next day the surgeon came to take off the foot, but when he looked at it, he was astonished, and said it was much better, and would not need to be taken off. Then he asked what they had done for the foot to cause such a change.

Willie looked into the surgeon's face with a happy smile and said:

'Jesus was the doctor. I asked him to save my foot and he did it. Don't you love him, doctor?'

'Yes, yes, child; I do love him,' he replied, as the tears coursed down his cheeks; for the surgeon was a godly man. Then, as he turned to leave, he was heard to say:

'"And a little child shall lead them."'—Reformed Church Record.'

A Funny Pigeon.

Not long ago a funny sight might have been observed in Dulwich Park. In the aviary (a wire-netted shed for birds) a golden pheasant was kept. He was a splendid fellow, and when he walked about beside the dull-plumaged hen-birds he looked quite a royal bird.

Some pigeons which were kept for a time in the same big cage noticed how proudly he stalked about. One of them set himself to give the grand bird a lesson. So when the golden pheasant went by trailing his showy tail, the mischievous pigeon followed it and hopped on to the tail feathers, just for all the world like a rude, ill-mannered boy treading on a lady's silk dress. Then the pheasant would tug and pull and fluff himself out until the pigeon lost his balance and had to let go. But it was not long before that imp of a pigeon was at him again.

It seemed as if the pigeon thought it too good a joke to be played only once.—'Child's Companion.'

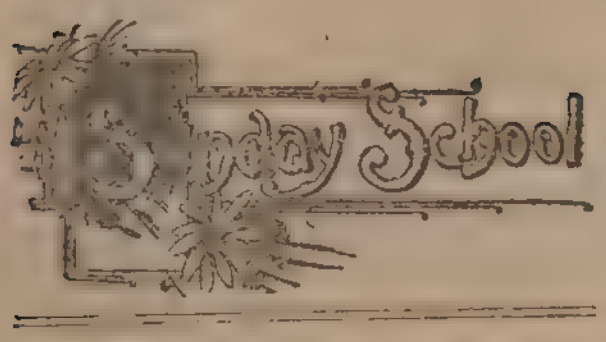
A Strange Animal Friendship.

(Alice Moore, Delaware, in 'New England Homestead.')

We had two small kittens given us about a year ago, and an amusing friendship sprang up at once between Dana, our great Dane hound, and Bob, one of the kittens. Our attention was attracted first by seeing them eating out of the same dish, and knowing that Dana never noticed cats in any way, except to chase them, we determined to watch them, and found that they ate, played and slept together.

One evening last fall a sudden shower came, giving Dana and Bob, who were out together, a thorough soaking. Dana came on the porch, alone, but seemed restless and whined several times, then suddenly he ran out in the rain and came back immediately with a very wet and forlorn kitten in his mouth. He lay down on the porch with the kitten between his paws and tried to lick the water from it with his tongue, and as soon as the storm was over, he picked the kitten up again and carried it into his bed, staying there until they were both dry.

Often when playing, if Dana became too rough, Bob would mew, and we have laughed to see Dana look sorry and turn the kitten over and over with his nose—we thought, in order to see if he had really hurt it.



LESSON XIII.—MARCH 27.

REVIEW.

Golden Text.

And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness. Matthew iv., 23.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 21.—Luke ii., 40-52.
Tuesday, March 22.—Matt. iii., 13- iv., 11.
Wednesday, March 23.—Luke v., 1-11.
Thursday, March 24.—Mark ii., 1-12.
Friday, March 25.—Matt. xii., 1-13.
Saturday, March 26.—Mark iv., 35-41.
Sunday, March 27.—Matt. xiv., 13-23.

It is impossible to do full justice to the review of three months' lessons in an article upon them, even if we devoted several pages to that purpose. Very much depends upon the resourcefulness of the teacher and superintendent of the school. The use of graphic methods is desirable and important. The eye is a very valuable aid to the memory. You can tell the average class where Nazareth is, for instance, but it is simpler and makes a far more vivid impression to point it out to them upon a good map.

Too little use of the map is made in Bible study, as a rule. Things would be much more easily remembered if the regions of country where they occurred were fixed in the mind.

A good map of the Holy Land is essential to the study and review of the lessons of the past quarter. It would be still better if a large map of Galilee alone could be secured, as we have to do mainly with the great Galilean ministry of Christ, in these lessons. While we do not wish to be accused of suggesting anything of a startling or radical nature, we are thoroughly convinced that it would be of immeasurable value to the teacher and scholar alike and would lay the foundation for a far more thorough knowledge of the Bible than is common, if a certain number of lessons each quarter were devoted to the study of Biblical geography. With such knowledge in mind the reading of the text would have a more vivid and lasting impression.

'As so much of the lesson for to-day is devoted to Galilee let us look at some of the more important facts about that region of country. The territory embraced by Galilee included parts of the lands given to the tribes of Asher, Naphtali, Zebulon, and Issachar, when the children of Israel settled the land. The name Galilee means 'hilly ground,' and a glance at a relief map would indicate that the country deserved this name. The height of places varies from about six hundred feet below sea level to five thousand or more above sea level.

In the time of Christ the Holy Land was a part of the great Roman Empire. The population in the time of Christ has been estimated at about 6,000,000 people. At present it contains not more than about one-tenth of that number. As has been pointed out, it would appear that God does not intend the land to flourish save when under the dominion of his chosen people Israel. The study of their relation to their land and their prospective restoration to it is very interesting, especially in view of the Zionist movement in our day.

Galilee, in the time of Christ, as Josephus tells us, had over two hundred towns which had each a population of above 15,000, and gives the population of Galilee as about three millions. It will readily be understood that it was a favorable place for the spread of a new doctrine. The Sea of Galilee, especially, was a centre of population and industry. One writer has said, 'The lake was surrounded by an almost unbroken line of buildings.' A great fleet of ships swam upon its waters.

It was to such a region as this that Christ devoted the chief portion of his ministry. With these facts in mind we can turn with renewed interest to the accounts of what he said and did among the teeming thousands of Galilee.

The teacher can tell best what method of review to employ, whether to have the class prepare during the week a brief synopsis of the chief facts of the quarter's lessons, or to present a series of questions coverings these points. Whether either of these, or some other method is considered, perhaps the following may be suggestive:

What do we know of Christ's childhood?

What occurred when he was twelve years of age?

How old was he when he was baptized by John?

What followed his baptism?

How did Christ answer his tempter?

In what region or district did Christ spend the important part of his ministry we have been here studying.

What occurred at the town where he had lived the greater part of his life?

What do you know about the synagogues of Christ's time?

What happened to Simon and his fellow fishermen after Christ had used their boat as a pulpit? (Lesson for January 31.)

What were some of the miracles which Christ performed?

What did the scribes think of his forgiving sin?

What did Christ teach about Sabbath observance?

How did he illustrate the difference between hearers and doers of the Word?

Give the chief incidents in the lesson containing the account of Christ calming the storm.

What happened to John the Baptist?

Was he legally executed, or was he murdered?

Describe the feeding of the five thousand.

The lesson for April 3 is, 'Jesus Visits Tyre and Sidon.' Mark vii., 24-37.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 27.—Topic—Jesus' work for his own country; what I can do for mine. Matt. iv., 23-25; xxiii., 37.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HONORING GOD.

Monday, March 21.—Honoring God in prison. Acts xvi., 25-32.

Tuesday, Mar. 22.—Honoring God in the lion's den. Dan. vi., 10-23.

Wednesday, March 23.—Refusing to dishonor God. Dan. iii., 13-18.

Thursday, March 24.—Honoring God in Bethel. Gen. xii., 8-10.

Friday, March 25.—Back to God's altar. Gen. xiii., 1-4.

Saturday, March 26.—Honoring God at Mamre. Gen. xiii., 14-18.

Sunday, March 27.—Topic—Honoring God wherever you are. Gen. xii., 6-9; xiii. 1-5.

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Led all her 'Jewels' to Christ.

During the year 1894 Miss Emma Vick, one of the lady teachers of the afternoon Sunday-school of the Second Baptist Church, of Chicago, Ill., thought it would be a good plan to be a teacher in the morning school also, as this church had two sessions of Sunday-school, one at 9 a.m., and the other at 2.30 p.m. She wanted a class that she could really call her own; not one given up by some other teacher, but, if possible, a new class. This she did not know how to go about. Her pupils in the afternoon school were young ladies, so the thought came to her, why not have a class of little girls in the morning school? How to get the little girls, and entirely new children, to the school, was the perplexing question.

The way was provided in this instance on the last Sunday evening of the old year. A number of little girls, between ten and twelve years old, went to church that evening, and occupied the rear gallery. Miss Vick went into the gallery that evening, and seeing so many girls, the thought came to her, 'Now is your opportunity, improve it.' She went to them, and asked each if she attended Sunday-school anywhere, and if not, if she would like to attend the morning Sunday-school. She obtained the names and addresses of five who were willing to come (this was the required number to form a new class in this school), and received their promise to attend on the first Sunday in the New Year, 1895. She wrote to each in the latter part of the week, reminding them of their promise. When next Sunday came, Miss Vick sat near the church entrance to welcome them as they came in. The weather was very disagreeable, raining and snowing. Three out of the five came, the other two were sisters, and had moved to a distant part of the city, far away. This seemed a small beginning, but Miss Vick taught these three little girls to the best of her ability. In the spirit of love and sacrifice, she continued the work Sunday by Sunday, and day by day, working all through the week in various ways to secure the promise and attendance of new scholars, and thus adding steadily to the membership of the class. It gradually increased until it had an enrollment of over sixty members, with an attendance averaging from twenty-five to forty each Sunday. The membership of the class to-day is forty-six, but instead of little girls they are now all young ladies, many of them being among those who joined during the year of the class organization.

Teacher and class love each other dearly, and God has caused this love to be interwoven into each of their lives. They are loyal and true-hearted to his cause, and to the cause of right everywhere and at all times. This class has always abounded in the sunshine of the Saviour's love. In the course of time, the name of 'Jewels' (Mal. iii., 17) was chosen for the class and voted upon by them for its approval and adoption, and this name has been retained ever since. Then, too, they wanted to have class colors and a class motto, and finally decided upon the colors of purple and white—purple representing loyalty, and white, purity. The class button bears the single word 'Jewels' in silver on a purple ground. They also chose as a class Scripture text, Prov. iii., 6. An entertainment or a social is given each year by the class, to which everybody is invited.

In the eight years of its existence the class has seen many of the girls give their hearts to the Saviour. Some are now in Sunday-schools elsewhere as teachers; seven united with the church last year by baptism and one by letter; three have united with the church by baptism this year, and others are preparing to confess their love for the Saviour in the near future. It is the chief aim of the class to win each and every member to a true Christian life. —'Christian Herald.'

The First Distiller.

(Written by Count Leo Tolstoi, translated by Helen G. Greenwood.)

A poor moujik went breakfastless to his day's toil in the fields. He took a crust of bread with him.

Having reached his destination he hid his crust behind a stone and covered it with his cape.

At noon-time when the horse grew weary the man began to feel hungry. He unharnessed his horse and turned him out to pasture. Then he drew near the stone and prepared to dine. He raised the cape; no crust. He looked and looked for it; he shook the cape and turned it inside out, and shook it; no crust.

'How strange,' thought he, 'I have seen no one, but my crust is gone.'

And, indeed, it was a little fiend who had stolen the bread while the man toiled. Then he seated himself behind the hedge to observe and hear if his victim called on the devil.

The moujik was not put out.

'Bah,' he cried, 'I am not dying of hunger. Who took it perhaps had need of it; may it agree with him.'

Then he walked to the spring, took a good drink of water, and a short nap. After a while he arose, re-harnessed the horse and resumed his work.

The little fiend was furious because he could not catch the moujik. He flew to ask advice of the arch fiend.

He told him how he had stolen a crust from a poor moujik and that in place of being angry the man had cried a health to him!

The arch fiend raved and tore.

'So,' he cried, 'if the moujik got the best of you it was because you did not do your duty. If we allow these moujiks to defy us thus, there'll soon be no living with them. It can't be allowed. So go back to that moujik and earn your crust if you would eat. If at the end of three years you have not got your revenge, I'll plunge you in Holy Water.'

The little fiend was terrified. He hurried back to earth and strove for some way to repair his error. He pondered and pondered; then he found a way.

Taking the form of a strong man he entered the employ of the moujik. Judging that that summer would be a dry one, he persuaded his master to sow his wheat in marshy ground. And the moujik did as his servant advised. The crops of all the other moujiks were burnt up by the sun; but the poor moujik's yield was very good indeed. He had enough to last until the next harvest and bread to spare.

The next year his servant advised him to sow upon the hills, as he knew it was going to be a wet season.

Upon the other farms the crops were ruined by the floods, but on the hills the poor moujik had a superb yield. He did not know what to do with it all.

Finally, the servant taught the moujik to make whiskey, to drink it himself and to teach others to drink it.

Now the little fiend fled to the arch fiend and demanded his crust, claiming to have won it, but his master wanted more proof.

He went to the moujik's house and observed how having invited his chosen friends he treated them to whiskey. The hostess herself was serving the liquor. In passing a corner of the table she spilled a glass.

The moujik raved and scolded at his wife.

'Just look,' he said, 'at that biggest of fools; is this rinsing water that one must throw it away?'

The little fiend touched the arch fiend's elbow.

'Take note,' he said, 'we'll see if he does not miss his crust now.'

After lecturing his wife the moujik served the liquor to himself. Presently a poor moujik appeared, an unexpected guest. He bowed and seated himself. Seeing the others drinking he, too, desired to taste a bit of comfort. There he sat, that poor moujik, his mouth fairly watering.

The host refused to give him a drink. He growled and grumbled aloud.

'Did I make this to give to every chance comer?'

This pleased the arch fiend and the little fiend said proudly:

'That is not all—just wait until the end.'

Having drank their whiskey the rich moujiks and their host with them began to flatter each other, imputing to each wonderous exploits and their words were honeyed.

He listened and listened, did that arch fiend, and congratulated the little one.

'Yes,' he said, 'rendered hypocrites by that drink, they are deceiving each other, and we'll soon have them in hand.'

'Wait for what's coming,' replied the little fiend, 'only let them drink another little glass. Now they are like foxes with waving tails seeking to deceive each other. Soon you'll see them ugly as wolves.'

The moujiks drank another round. Then they began to shout and talk coarsely. In place of honeyed words, there were insults. A fury fell upon them, till they came to blows and the host joined in the melee. He had his share of honors.

The arch field looked on and rejoiced. 'That's very fine,' said he.

And the little fiend answered: 'Wait for what's coming. Let them have another little glass; now they are like angry wolves. When they have had another glass they'll be like pigs.'

Each moujik drank another glass. They then acted like madmen. They grunted and growled without even understanding themselves, and never pausing to listen. Each went his way, some alone and some in groups of two or three. Each lurched and fell face downwards on the ground. The host having accompanied his guests to the gate, fell into a ditch and wallowed there like a pig.

And how all this delighted the arch-fiend.

'Well, well,' he said, 'you have indeed invented a famous beverage. You have won your crust. Now tell me how you made that beverage? I'll swear that first you put in foxes' blood, and that made the moujiks false as foxes; then wolves' blood, which made them ugly as wolves; then pigs' blood, which turned them into pigs.'

'No,' said the little fiend; 'I did nothing of the kind. I only made his crop of wheat too large. The blood of the beasts was in him; but it could not show itself when his wheat field only yielded him necessities. And then he did not mourn for his last crust. Then when he had too much wheat he began to wonder what to do with it, and I taught him to make and drink whiskey. So then he began to distill the gift of God into liquor and the blood of the beasts—the fox, the wolf and the pig—appeared. Now it is only necessary to drink whiskey to become like those beasts.'

The arch fiend congratulated the little one, gave him his crust of bread, and then went his way.—'The New Voice.'

Old Country Friends.

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Who is to Blame?

Standing in a place of business in conversation with a merchant, our attention was by him called to a passing boy who was puffing at a cigar. The boy was but a child, not more than fifteen years of age. The merchant was shocked at the sight, and remarked to the effect that parental responsibility must be sadly neglected to make possible such sights. In all probability the boy lived at his father's home, ate his father's bread, and spent his father's money for the cigar he was smoking. The instance is one of many that abound everywhere, and has started the question again and again in the writer's mind, Who are to blame? More than one, perhaps. Perhaps it is not possible to determine completely where the fault lies, but we desire to stir up pure minds by way of remembrance by insisting that possibly there is a great laxity respecting parental responsibility.—'Canadian Baptist.'

A Bit of Civic Economy.

An interesting chapter of municipal history appears in a recent issue of the 'Chicago Tribune,' entitled 'A Training School for Drunkards,' wherein was presented a civic enterprise of which the majority of citizens plead ignorance.

One Mary O'Brien, representative of a sad sisterhood, the victim of the drink habit, during the twenty years prior to her death, served 313 separate sentences in the Bridewell, on the charge of drunkenness. Each arrest, commitment and trial cost the city about $9, and it is estimated that during those twenty years the city invested in this case a sum approximating about $3,000. This expensive reformatory process proved an utter failure, and in the end the woman died a victim of alcoholism.

Mary O'Brien not only has numerous sisters with similar records, but she has an even greater number of brothers who are the constant subjects of this process of civic reform. The beautiful system, for the support of which the city annually pays thousands of dollars, is this:

First, the municipal government gives to certain individuals, for a stipulated sum per annum, the privilege of selling poison to a thirsty world.

Second. A far too large proportion of that world respond to the invitation which these licensed dealers extend, become a fit subject for the police department, and are arrested and brought before a justice of the peace.

Third. This justice, with an utterly mistaken idea of the true meaning of sympathy, fines the ordinary offender the minimum penalty, $1 and costs, which is equivalent to the spending of five days in the Bridewell.

Fourth. Just at the time when the subject is beginning to recover from his debauch, his term expires and he is released to go out and beg, borrow or steal such a sum as will enable him to repeat his former experience, which he invariably does.

The most noticeable thing about the system is that it soon becomes almost automatic. The arrangement of small fines and short terms is as sure to transform the occasional offender into the chronic, as the chronic is sure of turning up at the Bridewell a certain number of days after his discharge, a few degrees more worthless than when he left.

One merit the scheme can claim: it is absolutely and heartlessly consistent. To license an evil sure to produce crime, to condone or treat as trivial that crime, to nurse back to comparative decency and health in order that the victim may go out to further indulgences which are provided for him at every corner, and finally to bury him in a pauper's grave—this is the inspiring programme offered for the contemplation of the taxpayer and the philanthropist!—'Union Signal.'

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

MARCH.

1.
We trust in the living God. I. Tim. iv., 10.
Essie O. Drillon, Theresa S. F. Lohnes.

2.
The faithful God which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments. Deut. vii.,9.
Mary E. Newcomb, Bessie Evans.

3.
The Lord your God is he that goeth with you. Deut. xx., 4.
Wilber Carnahan, Georgina L. Morrison.

4.
Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies. Psa. ciii., 4.
William A. Hallamere.

5.
His kingdom ruleth over all. Psa. cliii.19

6.
Talk ye of all his wonderful works. Psa. cv., 2.
Lila Craig.

7.
He will ever be mindful of his covenant. Psa. cxi., 5.
Ella Bruce, Omer Bruce, Annie Pringle, Gertie May Thorne.

8.
Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness. Psa. cxii., 4.
Pearl Bowker, William C. Jonah.

9.
Ye that fear the Lord: trust in the Lord. He is their help and their shield. Psa. cxv., 11.
Hattie A. Hubley, E. M. M., Archie McQuarrie, Isabel W. Mc.

10.
It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes. Psa. cxviii., 9.
Essie Mabel Nesbit, Clara Godard.

11.
The Lord is my strength and my song. Psa. cxviii., 14.
Emily N. H.

12.
Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed. Psa. xlvi., 2.
Nettie Travse, Blanche Beckstead, Mrs. A. F. Stewart.

13.
The Lord is the keeper. Psa. cxxi., 5.
Amy Bothwell, Joseph E. P., Thomas A. Chisholm.

14.
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Psa. cxxvi., 5.
Percy Hagerman, Morell Macrae Mackenzie, Eva M. Ingraham.

15.
The Lord loveth the righteous. Psa. cxlvi., 8.
Jemina Ellen Evans.

16.
The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy. Psa. cxlvii., 11.
Allan Smith, Annie E. McLennan.

17.
Thou shalt walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble. Prov. iii., 23.
Bertha Mary Ellen Moon.

18.
He giveth grace unto the lowly. Prov. iii., 34.
Nina Evans, Alma C. Roy.

19.
Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life. Prov. iv., 23.

20.
Wisdom is better than rubies. Prov. viii., 11.
Aggie Bailey.

21.
I sat down under his shadow with great delight. Cant. ii., 3.
Katie Alice Corriston, Wimbun L. Hallamere, Eliza P. Hart.

22.
The land of the diligent maketh rich. Prov. x., 4.
Mildred Nelson, Lena B. Whidden, Paul Stewart Bannerman.

23.
The way of the Lord is strength to the upright. Prov. x., 29.
Edna May Ruthven, James Mitchell, Florence McN.

24.
The lips of the upright shall know what is acceptable. Prov. x., 32.

25.
The merciful man doeth good to his own soul. Prov. xi., 17.
Bennie Fred. Smith, Evelyn Ross, Nellie Newcomb.

26.
In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence. Prov. xiv., 26.
Mina I. M.

27.
A soft answer turneth away strife. Prov. xv., 1.
Everett W. Ingraham.

28.
A wholesome tongue is a tree of life. Prov. xv., 4.

29.
A word spoken in due season, how good it is. Prov. xv., 23.
Jessie Marion Clark.

30.
He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty. Prov. xvi., 32.

31.
A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. Prov. xxii.
Effie Thompson, Ruby Richards.
Jennie Lefurgy.

TINIES UNDER NINE YEARS.

Tell the story of the childhood of Samuel.

FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS, UNDER THIRTEEN.

Give as full an account as possible of Daniel and of his three companions.

SUCCESSFUL TINIES.

Helena Isabel Mackenzie, Edna James.

Mascarene.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for eight months, and I like it very much. I read a good deal. I read a book a short time ago. We have a library in our Sunday-school. The church in Mascarene is in sight of our house, and so is the schoolhouse. I live on a farm. I have no brothers or sisters. I like to work on a farm. I cut wood in the winter time, and I like the winter the best. There not been much skating this winter on account of so much snow and no rain. There is about three feet of snow in our woods. It has been the coldest winter known for quite a number of years. I live at the mouth of a river called the Maguadavic River. It has a fine harbor at its mouth, and it empties into St. Andrew's Bay.

Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,

BERT C.

South Maitland.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old. I go to school every day, and I am in the fourth book. I never missed a day the whole of this winter. My sister takes the 'Messenger' and also my nephew Frank. My papa is a farmer. We have had some dreadful snow storms here. I go to the Presbyterian church. I hope some more of the boys will write from South Maitland. Cheer up, boys! and write.

GEORGIE HOWARD M.

East Glassoll.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old. I have two brothers younger than I am, their names being Harry and Otis. For pets I have a cat and a dog and a cow. I live on a farm. I have to go two miles to school. I think the Bible you sent me for getting the four new subscribers is fine.

CHESLEY D.

Echo Vale, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading the 'Northern Messenger,' and saw the piece about the 'Royal League of Kindness.' I think it is a very good idea, and I will endeavor to obey the rules, if allowed to join. I have started a mite-box for 1904, for the 'Della Memorial Fund.' I keep all the 'Messengers' that come, and when I have quite a few of the papers I sew them together into a book. We get the 'Messenger' every Friday, and would not be without it for anything. A few weeks ago our house was nearly burnt; in fact, a large piece was burnt out of the roof, but some boys came and put the fire out.

KATIE B. MacD.

SONG OF A SUBSCRIBER.

Hurrah for the 'Northern Messenger'—
Of all the printed sheets
That float around the country,
It is the most complete.

It tells about the Bible,
It speaks about our laws;
It tells about the Gospel,
Which is the better cause.

It speaks to little children,
It speaks to hopeful youth;
And then turns to the older folk
With interesting truth.

Who would not take the 'Messenger,'
And pay for it as well?
And if we wish to speak our mind,
We have a chance to tell.

About the place in which we live,
The mountains, vales and brooks,
Of church and school that we attend,
And the reading of our books.

So, hurrah for the 'Northern Messenger!'
Let all join in the song,
And try to spread it further yet
To help the world along.

MILDRED S. H. (aged 13).
Roach Vale, Guysboro Co., N.S.

Lanark, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl just ten years of age. This is a beautiful place. We came here nearly two years ago, and we like it very much, especially in summer time, when we can go boating on the river. My father is a Methodist minister, and he takes the 'Daily Witness,' and says he thinks it is the best newspaper in the world. I have one brother and one sister. Their names are Retta and Lyman. Somebody is sending me the 'Messenger,' and I enjoy the stories very much indeed, especially 'Saved in a Basket.' I go to school every day.

A. GRACE M.

HOUSEHOLD.

Eat Plenty of Green Vegetables.

Spring is the season in all the year when one's health must be built up, when one's complexion must be cleared and one's eyes brightened. Wise mothers have substituted green vegetables at every meal for the suggestive sulphur and molasses and other spring tonics. At this time of the year it is really imperative to have green things all the time. There are so many ways of serving these green things in the soups and salads, vegetables and relishes that the miracle is worked before the patient is conscious of it. Some of the green things advised as a cure for the sallow cheek are watercress, spinach, young onions, rhubard, dandelion, parsley, green peppers, mustard, sorrel, chickory, eschalots, cprout, kale, lettuse, celery and many others. The healthfulness of greens is due to the water and alkaline salts which they contain. According to analysis, watercress alone contains iodine, iron, phosphate and a sulphis-nitrogenous essential oil. It stimulates and sharpens the mental faculties. Watercress to be perfect should be freshly gathered, well rinsed in cold water, shaken thoroughly dry, seasoned with salt and eaten with thin slices of white bread and butter. Some prefer a dash of lemon juice with cress and a tablespoon of olive oil, but the epicure takes his with salt only. In cooking the wholesome rhubard do not peal. The skin is gelatinous. It melts and imparts a rich red color and the best flavor of any part of the stalk. Bake in the oven or stew on the back of the stove, using little or no water. If the sugar is added after the rhubard is cooked it will not require as much to sweeten. Rhubard cooked with dates or raisins makes a pleasant change and is always popular with the children.—'Catholic News.'

Making a Man.

Hurry the baby as fast as you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man.
Off with his clothes, get him in pants,
Feed him on brain foods and make him advance.
Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk,
Into a grammar school; cram him with talk,
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks.
Once boys grew up at a rational rate,
Now we develop a man while you wait.
Rush him through college, compel him to grab
Of every known subject a dip and a dab.
Get him in business and after the cash,
All by the time he can raise a mustache.
Let him forget he was ever a boy,
Make gold his god and its jingle his joy.
Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath,
Until he wins—nervous prostration and death.
—'Christian Endeavor World.'

A Problem Solved.

I went one day to the larder to take an invoice of stock on hand—again no pun—before deciding on the dinner bill of fare. I found a few cold potatoes, some baked, some boiled; two cold sweet potatoes; a few parsnips; a tablespoonful of mashed turnips; a few cold beans; a piece of corn bread; another of toast, and a little cold hominy. Not enough of any one thing for a full meal, and the family was of the composite order that could not be told they must eat up the left-overs served in bits and snatches. I looked and mused. Hash was impossible. What could be done with them? Into a kettle the scraps all went, not excepting the toast and corn bread; two small onions cut up and added, and a goodly supply of water put over all, and the mixture left to simmer till near dinner time. Then the whole was poured into a colander, rubbed through with a big wooden spoon, and then returned to the kettle. As it was then too thick, some water was poured from the boiling cabbage to thin it. Butter and salt, a dash of paprica, and then the whole was thickened with a little flour stirred up with cold water. The result was no longer a mixture, but a soup, fragrant, savory, satisfying. The next time I attempted this wonder I had collections of tomatoes, corn, potatoes, parsnips, cream of wheat, and celery. The valuable onion was added, and this time, after putting through a colander, milk was added before seasoning and thickening, and the result was equally delicious. —Mary Wood Allen, in 'The American Mother.'

Selected Recipes.

Hasty Tomato Soup.—Boil one quart of milk, and add one cupful of canned or cooked tomatoes and one teaspoonful of soda; also cracker or bread crumbs so as to thicken sufficiently. Season with butter, pepper and salt, bring to a boil and serve.

Corn-Meal Gems.—One and a half cupfuls of corn-meal, one and a half cupfuls of flour, one and a half cupfuls of sweet milk, two well-beaten eggs, butter the size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, salt and a little allspice.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government, through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information relating to any of the patents cited will be cheerfully furnished free of charge by applying to the above-named firm. Nos. 85,118, Frank Whitcomb, Smith's Falls, Ont., threshing machine; 85,486, Joseph V. Martel, L'Assomption, Que., acetylene gas generator; 85,544, Messrs. Picard & Bureau, Quebec, Que., automatic pump; 85,566, Gavin Shaw, Lindenwood, Ont., feed trough; 85,567, Theodore H. Strehlow, Chicago, Ill., clothes pole tip; 85,603, John D. Landers, Winnipeg, Man., train signal; 85,631, Wm. S. Bagley, Lorne, Que., wire stretcher; 85,712, Messrs, Michaud & Desjardins, Montreal, Que., sleigh.

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We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." Those pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished Double Hunting Case Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a post card to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large Illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept. 516 Toronto.

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Two Pair Boxing Gloves, Football and Punching Bag. This Entire Gymnasium Outfit Given as One Premium for Selling Our Sweet Pea Seeds. Do You Play Football, Box With Weights or Punch the Bag?

If so, and you want this Complete Outfit, send your name and address, we send you Free, postpaid, 4 doz. large beautiful packages of our Early Blooming Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. Everybody will buy when you say that each package contains the finest mixture in the world, over 20 different varieties, all large flowering, deliciously fragrant and beautifully colored. A certificate worth 50c. free with each package. When sold return the money and we will give you this complete Gymnasium Outfit, worth $5.00 each Free, or you can have your choice of dozens of other Premiums, such as Rifles, Violins, Gold Watches, Printing Presses, Self-Playing Gramophones, etc., etc. Write to-day. You will find our Sweet Pea Packages the easiest sellers you ever saw. The Prize Seed Co., DEPT. 457, Toronto, ONTARIO

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 200 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Everybody buys them. Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a post card to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto

BOYS EARN THIS WATCH

With Solid Silver nickel case, fancy edge, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement by selling only 7 of our large beautiful colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper" and "Family Record," at 25c. each. A Certificate worth 50c free with each Picture.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply write us that you would like to earn this handsome Watch and we will send the pictures at once postpaid. You can easily sell them in half an hour as they are the largest and most beautiful pictures ever sold in this country for 25c. Write us to-day. Every boy will be delighted with this handsome Watch. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 453, Toronto.

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Boys you can easily earn this large finely made Magic Lantern that shows dozens of large beautifully colored Pictures of all kinds, animals, clowns' performance, ships, Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, etc., etc., by selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 different colors and contains 65 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Everybody buys them. They are the best sellers you ever saw. Write us at once and we will send the Seeds postpaid and in a few days you will be making lots of money giving magic Lantern shows. THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 470, TORONTO

WONDERFUL SELF-PLAYING ORGAN
PLAYS 500 TUNES AS LOUD AS A PIANO
AND GOLD WATCH GIVEN AWAY FREE

Do you wish to do only one hour's work for us and secure the most wonderful Musical Instrument ever [illegible] engraved, double Hunting Case Watch? If so, send us your name and address and we will mail you, postpaid, 4 doz. large beautiful packages of [illegible] Seeds to sell for us at 10c. each. No trouble to sell our Seeds. Every package contains the finest mixture in the world, **over 50 different varieties,** all large flowering, deliciously fragrant, and in endless varieties of beautiful colors, and, besides, **we give a certificate worth 50c. free with each one.** When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this Elegant Self-playing Organ, 16 inches high, 14 inches wide and 9 inches deep, handsomely made of imitation black walnut, all hand carved, also 3 free rollers for playing 3 tunes. Understand, this is not a Toy Machine but an Automatic Self-Playing Instrument that sells for $10.00 cash in all music stores. **It plays over 500 tunes,** including Songs, Dances, Hymns and Classic Music, such as, "Annie Laurie," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "All Coons Look Alike to Me," "Bing Bells of Scotland," "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me," "Ben Bolt," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "Come Back to Erin," "Dreamland Waltz," "Down on the Farm," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Georgia Camp Meeting," "Home Sweet Home," "Hot Time in the Old Town," "In the Gloaming," "Irish Washerwoman," "Just One Girl," "Kiss Waltz," "Last Rose of Summer," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "Little Alabama Coon," "Marching Through Georgia," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Nellie Gray," "Nearer My God to Thee," "Rock of Ages," "Where is My Boy To-night?" "Sweet Bye-and-Bye," "Old Folks at Home," "Washington Post March," "Old Black Joe," "Yankee Doodle," "Whistling Rufus," "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky," and 445 others. You can have sacred and song concerts or dances in your home every night with this wonderful Musical Instrument. You don't have to know a note of music and it is so simple that a child can start it. **It is just as loud as a Piano and sounds far sweeter.** When you get it you will be the wonder and envy of all your friends and neighbors. **AN EXTRA PRIZE FREE**—If you write us at once we will give you an opportunity to get a Handsome, Elegantly engraved, Gold-finished Double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gent's size **FREE** in addition to the wonderful Self-Playing Organ, without selling any more Seeds. This is the grandest chance in the paper. Write us at once. **$1000 in Gold** will be paid to anyone who will prove that we don't do exactly as we say. Address **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 456 , Toronto, Ont.**

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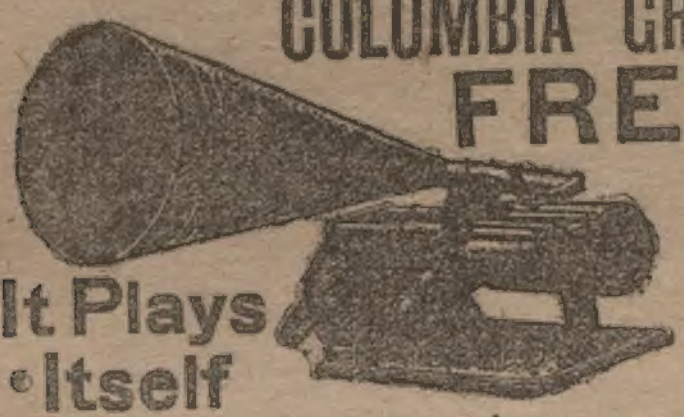

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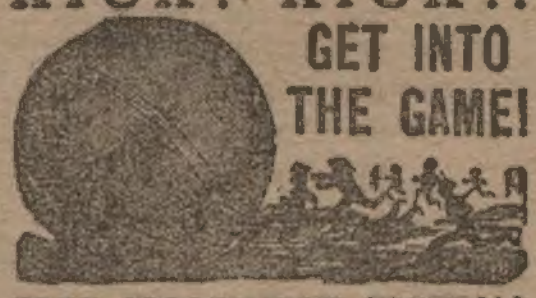

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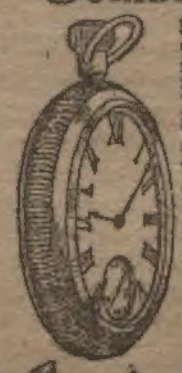

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Just your name and address and we will mail you postpaid **16** large beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at 10c. each. **No trouble to sell our Seeds** when you tell your friends that every package contains the finest mixture in the world of **over 60** different varieties, all giant flowers, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. We also give a **certificate worth 50c. free with each package.** When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this **beautiful Ring,** Solid Gold finished and set with **Rubies and Pearls,** and, **if you send us your name and address at once,** we will give you an opportunity to get this handsome Gold finished **Double Hunting Case Watch,** elegantly engraved, that looks exactly like a **$50.00 Solid Gold Watch. FREE, in addition to the Ring,** without selling any more Seeds. This is a grand chance. Don't miss it. **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 441 TORONTO.**

Earn This WATCH

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, Imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a dainty and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 455 , TORONTO, Ont.**

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at 10c. each only 20 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them.** Mary Speales, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** today and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 434 Toronto.

Just Out:
The 'World Wide' **CARTOON** NUMBER.
Ten cents a copy.
Stamps accepted.

Containing over One Hundred Comic Sketches and a War Map.
Also a Coupon worth Twenty-five Cents.
(Being one-third of a subscription to 'World Wide' to January, 1905. See foot note.)

AGENTS

Commissions and Prizes.

AGENTS WANTED in every county throughout Canada and elsewhere. Agents get 60 percent profits in cash, and may earn really valuable prizes, such as organs, bicycles, gold watches and libraries, **aggregating hundreds of dollars.**

Anyone—even boys and girls after school hours, could sell twelve copies of the Magazine of 'World Wide' Cartoons in a single hour.

12 copies sold at 10c each.....$1.20
12 copies cost the agent..... .60

Leaving a profit to agent..... .70

This in itself would be good pay for a couple of hours of pleasant work. But, besides this, there is the opportunity of winning valuable prizes as follows:—

PRIZES FOR THREE DOZEN.

To the agent who sells the first three dozen in his or her county will be given over and above the profit of $2.10 in cash, one of our splendid FOUNTAIN PENS or a watch, or books of the value of $1.50 to $2.00.

PRIZES FOR BIGGEST LIST.

Besides the rewards just mentioned, really fine bicycles, organs gold watches, or books of equal value will be awarded to those sending in the largest lists.

One such prize for village competitors
One such prize for town competitors.
One such prize for city competitors.

It will be seen at a glance that these prizes will be worth working for—and they will be carefully selected and of really good value.

The edition is now on the press and orders will be filled in rotation as received.

It will be quite safe for anyone to send for three dozen, enclosing therefor $1.50, which, as shown above, will yield a profit of $2.10 besides the chance of the county and general prizes.

ORDER FORM.

For the convenience of agents, the following form may be used.

.....1904

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal:

Please send me three dozen of your ten cent Magazine of 'World Wide' Cartoons, for which I enclose post-office order for $1.50, in full payment, and which I will sell at ten cents a copy; the entire proceeds to belong to me.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

OR THIS FORM

May be used for those who fear that they might not know how to go to work to sell three dozen, and yet would like to try it.

.....1904

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal:

Please send me six copies of your ten cent Magazine of 'World Wide' Cartoons, which I agree to sell as soon as possible after they arrive, at ten cents a copy, and to send you twenty-five cents in stamps as soon as I collect that amount.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

This small lot will ensure the agent 24 cents profit, but it will mean delay in getting further supplies. Those who send for three dozen at once obviously have the best chance of winning the prizes.

Colored Cover Illustration. Special Paper.
Is exceedingly funny. A splendid hit.

A Most Laughable and Effective Review of the Year.

The Paris news stands and agents report that a similar collection of 1903 cartoons enjoyed a larger sale than any other publication in the French capital.

Single Copies, Ten Cents each. Stamps accepted.

All Orders filled in rotation as received. Address immediately,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

NOTE—This Magazine of Cartoons while complete in itself, is an annual feature of a 20 page weekly paper called 'World Wide,' issued at one dollar a year, and which contains besides the best Cartoons, the best articles that appear in the best British and American publications. This publication is in its fourth year and is endorsed by eminent men and women. Free Sample Copy will be supplied with every copy of Cartoon Magazine.

President Trotter writes—I look eagerly for your weekly collection of good things, and recommend the paper warmly to my friends.

Dr. S. E. Dawson writes—I take a good many papers, but 'World Wide' is the only one which I read without skipping.

Prof. Rhodes writes—'World Wide' is a delight to me. Read every word.

Sir Algernon Coote, Bart., writes—I am delighted with 'World Wide.' The publication is superior to any of a similar kind that I have seen on either side of the Atlantic.

'World Wide' appeals to thinking people of all sorts and conditions. It is unbiased, giving both sides of the most interesting subjects. Its only mission is to select the best things that appear week by week in the best British and American publications, and pass them on to a wider circle of readers than would otherwise enjoy them.

Dr. Cuyler on Preaching.

Don't be afraid of the word 'Hell' any more than of the word 'Heaven.' The too common assertion that the faithful, tender and solemn presentation of the divinely revealed retributions of sin, is an attempt to 'scare people into religion' is utterly preposterous. As the ambassadors of Jesus Christ it is our bounden duty to 'declare the whole counsel of God,' and we have no right to conceal or to belittle any great revealed truth. If Noah had not been 'moved by fear' of a predicted deluge, he never would have prepared an ask for saving himself and his household. It is a criminal cruelty to conceal from the transgressors of God's law and of God's love that the 'wages of sin is death.'

There is much truth in Mr. Gladstone's weighty declaration that 'the decay of the sense of sin against God is one of the most serious portents of these days.' Preach, therefore, my brother, most plainly and lovingly the guilt and the doom of sin, and pray that every impenitent soul before you may be convicted by the Holy Spirit. Nobody is likely to flee to the Lord Jesus Christ until he or she feels the need of him. Deep convictions of sin usually produce deep conversions; shallow convictions produce shallow conversions and half-way Christians. Go down to the roots. When you have made a sinner see himself, then point him to the all-sufficient Redeemer, whose atoning blood cleanseth from all sin. This was Peter's style of preaching at the time of Pentecost, when three thousand souls were convicted and converted in a single day. When you are preaching repentance you cannot be too pungent; when you are offering salvation through the Lord Jesus you cannot be too winsome and beseeching.

THE OWL AND MONKEY.

And when I'm sick and blue,
And have head and heart ache too,
And the world and all that's in it
seems but chaff, chaff, chaff.

I never for these ills
Take emulsions, salves or pills.
But I look at 'World Wide' Cartoons
and I laugh, laugh, laugh.

But see the owl and monkey advertisement elsewhere in this newspaper, and learn more about this antidote for blues.

—Rhyme and Reason.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'